Son by PuffyPhantom

Fandoms: Danny Phantom

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Summary:

Danny has questions, Vlad has answers... sort of.

Notes:

So, this is yet another work that has been collecting pixelated dust in my files. I originally planned for it to be much longer and more detailed/descriptive, but I don't know if I'll ever get around to fully "finishing" it. At least you can still get the idea.

Thanks for reading...

Work Text:

The bedsheets rustled as Danny fidgeted underneath them. He settled with his back resting against the plush headboard and played with the cuff of his pajama shirt as the luxurious bed did nothing to ease the built-up tension out of him.

“Hey, Vlad?”

“Hm?”

“I’ve been thinking…” Danny trailed off, gathering the last bits of courage to continue.

“Well? Don’t think too hard. You might end up giving yourself a headache,” Vlad teased without looking up from his novel, elegantly seated next to Danny with his legs outstretched and crossed at the ankles.

“Jerk,” Danny muttered. But his tone lacked any bite. He realized he’d started picking at his nails. His anxiousness crescendoed. “I’ve been thinking…”

Vlad turned to look at him this time.

“Haven’t you ever been weirded out about this whole thing between us?” Danny asked slowly, cautiously.

Sighing, Vlad turned his attention back to his novel. “Daniel, we’ve already had this discussion several times—”

“No, it’s not *that*. I mean, not really.”

“Not really?”

There was a pause as Danny gnawed at his bottom lip. “It has to do with when we first met. When... when you found out that I was half ghost.”

Danny recalled the events, just as he knew Vlad was doing. A few months had passed since then, but he would never forget the

moment that had caused his life to change so drastically. Maybe even more so than the ghost portal accident itself.

“Back then, you told me that you wanted me as your own son,” Danny continued.

“Indeed, I did,” Vlad said, and Danny could tell Vlad was curious to know where the conversation was heading.

“Was that true?”

“It was.”

“So, what happened?”

“In regard to what?”

“Well, now, you and I are… like this.” Danny winced, hoping he didn’t have to explicitly state the obvious.

With his mouth going dry, Danny watched a small smile appear on Vlad’s lips and felt his face warm up. “Are you disturbed because I’ve been having my way with someone I thought worthy of being my own child?”

Danny scoffed. “Jeez, can you be any more direct?”

“I want to make sure we’re on the same topic. That is what you’re referring to, is it not?”

“Uh, yeah. So, what’s changed?”

Closing the novel, Vlad set it on the nightstand and removed his reading glasses, placing the pair on the book’s cover. He leaned towards Danny and put an arm around him. Holding him close, Vlad nuzzled his nose against his hair. “The offer still stands, if you’re willing.”

“Are you joking?” Danny asked incredulously.

“Only a little.” Vlad tilted Danny’s head and stole a brief kiss.

“*Only* a little?” Danny asked warily as he pulled away.

Vlad chuckled quietly and tightened his hold on Danny, having their lips meet again. He kissed Danny sensually, repeatedly locking their lips together in a slow rhythm.

When they parted, Danny leaned his forehead against Vlad’s shoulder, panting softly. His legs bumped against Vlad’s as he shifted, his natural craving for more deceiving his unease. “You can’t just do stuff like this while I’m trying to have a serious discussion,” he chided.

“I can’t help it. You’re adorable when you’re troubled.”

Danny scrunched his nose. As much as he wanted to, there was no way they could continue the conversation now. And as if reading his mind, Vlad seemed to agree, moving and guiding Danny to lie on his back and then claiming his lips with another deep kiss. Danny clutched Vlad’s arm, moaning softly when he felt Vlad’s cock rub up against him through his silk robe.

Vlad moved again, and his large hands snaked underneath Danny’s pajamas, touching and caressing his skin before ultimately pulling away and phasing the shirt off. His bottoms soon followed, and then so did his boxers.

It was a bit out of the ordinary. Ever since they got together, Danny quickly learned that Vlad always liked taking his time when it came to the bedroom. But tonight, he seemed much more interested in getting started rather than sticking to the typical routine.

“You seem kinda… excited. Uh, more than usual, anyway,” Danny stammered.

“Well, now that you got me thinking, I'm rather spurred on,” Vlad said in between the kisses to Danny’s chest.

"What do you mean?” Danny breathed out when Vlad lapped at his nipple. He could feel Vlad’s lips curl into a smile against his skin.

But Vlad didn’t answer, instead licking and kissing Danny’s skin as he continued his way down. A whimper was drawn from Danny

when he dipped his tongue in his navel, pushing and prodding the sensitive area. The strange tingling sensation went straight to Danny's groin.

"Vlad—"

With one last lick, Vlad sat up, kneeling in between Danny's legs. Danny was able to make out a faint magenta glow radiating from Vlad's palm before he wrapped that same hand around his dick, covering him in the warm ectoplasm that Vlad had summoned.

"You *would* make a perfect son for me, you know," Vlad said amid his strokes.

Danny huffed and made a face. "Oh no. We are *not* talking about this now."

"Why not? You seemed rather interested in the topic."

"Well, yeah—but that was before you started getting all touchy-feely with me." Danny said, inhaling sharply when Vlad prodded his entrance with a slimy finger. "It's weird."

"But now that you brought it up, I can't push the thought away."

"*Vlad*," Danny whined in protest as Vlad inserted his finger. He bit back a moan when Vlad began to jerk him off again and work him open with another added digit.

"The circumstances are more than ideal. I am old enough to be your father, after all," Vlad said after a long moment and removed his fingers.

Danny blinked his eyes open. Through the dimly-lit room, he focused his vision to see Vlad move his robe aside just enough to expose his cock. It stood rigid and thick. Danny swallowed hard, watching and feeling as Vlad positioned himself.

"And you're more than young enough to be my son, something I've always wanted," Vlad continued, holding Danny's leg apart with one hand and using the other to guide himself inside with a deep groan.

“Will you cut it out already?” Danny said under his breath. He gritted his teeth and grabbed a fistful of the sheets as Vlad buried himself all the way in, his slickened, hard cock effortlessly stretching him open.

Vlad sighed, sounding both content and nostalgic. He ran his hands up and down Danny’s quivering body in a soothing gesture. Danny looked up at him with pleading eyes, hoping he would follow through with his request and drop the subject. Vlad stopped his hands at Danny’s waist—gripping him—and smiled.

“Not to mention how similar we both are, genetically speaking. Blue eyes and dark hair,” Vlad said, rocking his hips and starting off with shallow thrusts.

Danny turned his face into the pillow and clenched his eyes shut. “I told you to sto—”

“The only reason my hair color changed was because of the accident,” Vlad interrupted, pulling almost all the way out and then snapping his hips forwards. A breathless laugh escaped him. “And our ghost halves... yet another similarity we share,” he said with a grunt, repeating the motion before picking up the pace.

The room was filled with the slick claps of their skin as Vlad drove into Danny with increasing ferocity. His mind in a haze, Danny could only moan in opposition. He could make out the sound of Vlad’s deep tone as he spoke but couldn’t decipher the exact words he was saying.

"If people knew of our ghost identities, but weren't aware of how they came to be, they'd think we're related, wouldn't you say?"

Suddenly, Vlad stopped moving. Danny only had time to gasp when Vlad pulled out to flip him on his stomach. Without giving Danny even a second to think, Vlad grabbed him by the waist, propped him up on his knees, and shoved his cock back inside.

Danny let out a plaintive cry, the new position allowing him to feel Vlad even more than before. With every deep and forceful thrust, it rocked Danny’s small body. His own dick—nearly painfully hard

now—leaked, weeping droplets of precum.

“It truly is as if you are my very own. As if *I* had made you,” Vlad said in almost a growl, his already vice-like grip on Danny’s waist tightening.

Danny couldn’t retort, too distracted and overpowered by the sensations. His moans mingled with the thuds of the headboard banging against the wall.

“You really should consider my offer, Daniel. I’d love you just the same as I’m doing now.” Vlad moaned—an absolutely debauched sound that made Danny even more flushed and dizzy. “How could I not? To whom else could I possibly show such affection but with my very own child? My own flesh and blood…”

“Vlad—”

Vlad released his hold on Danny’s hip to wrap his hand around Danny’s cock, pumping him with every thrust.

“Vlad, I’m gonna come,” Danny gasped.

“That’s it,” Vlad encouraged, never stopping his strokes or his thrusts. “You’re so perfect for me, Danny, my dear boy.”

With that, Danny tensed, and his jaw went slack, letting out a stuttered moan as he came. Vlad worked him through his high, continuing his sharp thrusts until Danny whimpered weakly, and he pulled out. Danny collapsed on the mattress, lightheaded and panting. After a few breaths, Danny heard Vlad groan and felt the unmistakable warm wetness of his cum hitting his sweaty back.

They both remained motionless, and the room was quiet save for their labored breathing. When they both seemed to come to their senses, Danny was about to move when he felt Vlad’s hand on him, smearing his cum across his back.

“Ew, gross,” Danny muttered.

Vlad chuckled. “I’ll go fetch a towel.”

“Yeah, please do,” Danny agreed dryly as Vlad got off the bed and made his way into the adjacent bathroom.

Now that Danny’s mind was clear, the bizarreness of what had just occurred made way. His stomach turned. Everything that Vlad had said, could it have been true? Or was it merely Vlad being Vlad, messing and toying with him again. Danny was more inclined to believe it was the latter, yet he couldn’t shake the unease off of him. As much as it disturbed him, he had to know.

Vlad, looking more tidy, reappeared with a small damp towel and went to gingerly clean Danny.

Danny hesitated to say anything before the awkward silence became too overwhelming. “Uh… Vlad?” He swallowed.

“No, Daniel, I didn’t really mean anything I’d said. What do you take me for, exactly? A total deviant? My morals aren’t completely lost.”

Danny could almost sigh in relief.

So, Vlad really was just being himself after all.

“I mean, if we’re being serious, you *have* been getting off with a teenager, so something like that would sorta be right up your alley. Probably.” Danny let out a nervous chuckle.

“Yes, well, I believe having sex with a minor is more than enough sin for me to partake in,” Vlad said, discarding the used towel. He handed Danny his boxers and lay down, turning off the bedside lamp.

“Gee, that’s comforting to know,” Danny joked and phased his boxers on. He yawned, feeling much more relaxed and pleasantly tired. He curled up next to Vlad and threw an arm over him.

Vlad returned the embrace. “If you’re still interested, we can properly continue the conversation tomorrow—”

“Uh, *no*. I’m good, thanks. Actually, pretend I never asked. Please.”

Vlad's chest rose and fell as he laughed quietly. "Get some sleep, little badger."

"Way ahead of you. Night, fruit loop," Danny mumbled as he began to doze off, succumbing to the sudden wave of drowsiness. He wasn't sure if what he heard next was real or if he was simply dreaming.

"*Goodnight, son.*"